But welcome sweete *Clarence*, my daughter shalbe thine.
And now what restes but in nightes couerture,
Thy brother being carelesly encampt,
His Souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guarde,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure:
Our Skoutes haue found the aduenture verie easie:
Then cry King *Henrie*, with resolued mindes,
And breake we presently into his tent.
*Cla.* Why then lets on our way in silent sort,
For *VVarwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.
*War.* This is his Tent, and see where his guard doth stand.
Courage my Souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* shall be ours.
*All.* A *VVarwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

*Alarmes, and Gloster and Hastings flies.*

*Oxf.* Who goes there?
*War.* *Richard* and *Hastinges*, let them go: here is the Duke.
*Edw.* The Duke, why *Warwicke*, when we parted last,
thou caldst me King?
*VVar.* I, but the case is altred now.
When you disgraste me in my Embassage,
Then I disgraste you from being King,
And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*.
Alasse how should you gouerne any Kingdome,
That knowes not how to vse Embassadours,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherly:
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enemies.
*Edw.* Well *Warwicke*, let Fortune doe her worst,
*Edward* in minde will beare himselfe a King.
*War.* Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands king,
But *Henrie* now shall weare the English Crowne.
Goe conuey him to our brother Archbyshop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbrooke*, and his followers,
Ile come and tell thee what the Lady *Bona* sayes:
And so for a while, farewell good Duke of *Yorke*.
*Exeunt some with Edward.*

Cla.



*Cla.* What followes now, all hitherto goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters to *Fraunce*,
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with speede to ioyne with vs.
*VVar.* I, thats the first thing that we haue to doe,
And free king *Henrie* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne.
Come, let vs haste away, and hauing past these cares,
Ile post to *Yorke*, and see how *Edward* fares.
*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Gloster, Hastings, and sir William Stanly.*

*Glo.* Lord *Hastings*, and sir *VVilliam Stanly*,
Know, that the cause I sent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this Forrest heere;
The Bishop of *Yorke* befrendes him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase:
Now I haue priuily sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him.
And see where the Huntsman and he doth come.

*Enter Edward and a Huntsman.*

*Huntsf.* This way my Lord the Deere is gone.
*Ed.* No this way Huntsman, see where the Keepers stand.
Now brother and the rest,
What, are you prouided to depart?
*Glo.* I, I, the horse standes at the Parke corner,
Come to *Linne*, and so take shipping into *Flaunders*.
*Ed.* Come then: *Hastings* and *Stanlie*,
I will requite your loues. Byshop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *VVarwickes* frownes:
And pray that I may repossesse the Crowne.
Now Huntsman what will you doe?
*Huntsf.* Marrie my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Goe with you, as tarry heere to be hangde.
*Ed.* Come then, lets away with speede.
*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter